

The Union of Brothers

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Summary: Oneshot. Everyone thought they came together seamlessly... Everyone was wrong...

***Chapter 1*: The Union of Brothers**

Disclaimer: I don't own anything associated with Golden Sun or its sequel, the Lost Age. Camelot and their associates are the lucky ones who own that bragging right.

A/N: Well, this is just a one-shot and my idea of what happened during the events that immediately followed the lighting of Jupiter. Let me know what you think. R&R please!

The Union of Brothers

Isaac stood in the open field near the village of Contigo. The light from Jupiter dimly lit the sky as violet rays softly found their way to his face. His eyes were fixated on the starry heavens, looking for guidance, asking for peace.

The confrontation had ended, night had fallen. Only hours before did the two groups of warriors meet for the first time since the start of their journeys. Tensions were beyond the breaking point as various members from both parties did everything they could to calm the frustration, the anger between the two leaders. They both understood the situation, they both knew what they had to do, but that was not what disturbed and angered them. Years before the Raiding incident they were like brothers, inseparable, one completed the other. Now they stood before each other as foes, staring into the depths of their hearts, blindly searching for reason... for purpose. Now long after that meeting, one of the leaders stood alone in the darkened field.

Isaac understood.

He knew why Felix had stayed away from Vale, he couldn't quite help it. The sadistic nature of Saturos the Proxian, keeper of dragons, was a difficult thing to escape. The hardened Mars adept seemed to penetrate Felix's barriers with ease and was given untold power in remaking the warrior's mind.

Felix had changed.

Isaac could see it, could feel it. His mind ventured back to better days when they were still young. The two were quiet compared to Jenna and Garet, but amongst them, Isaac was the adventurous one while Felix preferred books. It was Isaac who always drug Felix away from Kraden's untold stash of literature, pulled him away from the words, the ink ridden pages. He was the one who placed a wooden stick in his hands, taught him how to spar, taught him to fight.

Isaac smiled slightly.

It was a funny thing, to watch the older of the two be taught and completely dominated by the younger. Although their ages were only separated by a year, and their height by inches, it was still amusing none the less.

His smile faded.

And now, nearly two years after he rediscovered his dead brother, now they stood against each other: united by friends, coupled together by destiny, divided by themselves. Isaac couldn't place the feeling. It was an odd, unsettling emotion that came to the surface whenever he thought of Felix. No one else knew, or understood Isaac's mentality, except for one. He confided in only one person. If it wasn't for her, he would have lost himself in his uncertainty. However, she understood him only to a point. She too was confused by the emotion he described, hatred and yet love

for his brother. Her blue eyes would often work their hardest in trying to peel away the defenses of the one she loved. She failed every time, but she never stopped trying, for if she did, Isaac would not have been standing as he was in the dimly lit field.

A light breeze now accompanied the adept as his thoughts continued to wander. He searched in vain for the reasons behind his madness, the reasons behind his fear, his hatred, his strange love for his friend. A twisted feeling, one that can only be described as loving your enemy while killing him at the same time. It made no sense, nothing did. His eyes traveled from star to star, tracing outlines in the skies.

Iris, Judgment, Meteor, Thor.

He traced, the summons' outlines. They provided peace and tranquility to the warrior's mind as they slept in the stars, keeping watch and guiding the souls who traveled in darkness. The frustration that surrounded his heart began to lift as realization and understanding started to work its wonders.

"Isaac..."

The voice cut through the night like thunder from Catastrophe. Felix stood before Isaac, clad in armor just as Isaac was. Any peace or tranquility that had found Isaac's soul now left him as the frustration and anger came back.

Their faces were clearly visible in the night, each one showing no emotion, but their eyes a blaze with feeling.

Volumes were spoken between them as they stood, peering into the portal of their souls. Each one silent and still compared to the breeze that swam around them.

A sudden spark emitted in their minds, the root of their frustrations, the source of their anger. Like a wild fire, it consumed them both as they each began to glow in the light of their element, all attempts of control and serenity abandoned.

"Why..." they spoke in unison, no longer separate beings, but one, feeding off of the same emotion.

"Why do I look at you... and get so angry... Why..."

Like gods, their voices boomed across the field, perfect alliance in their tones.

"This isn't right... I shouldn't feel this way... Why am I so angry... Why do I hate YOU!"

All reason, all fellowships were cast aside as both brothers drew their swords and charged at one another. Like thunder in the distance their psynergy and weapons clashed, lighting up the skies as the two most powerful adepts in Weyard fought for the right to understand.

Their movements copied one another but in opposite fashion. One swung vertically, the other horizontally to block. The other cast Spire, the recipient cast Quake. Both fought this way until their psynergy, their strength and wills hung by a thread.

The two warriors were slumped over, the tips of their swords caressing the ground as they struggled to hold them up. Their eyes once again became dead locked, each staring into the infinite space.

Anger rose again, this time, unlike any other. With never before seen strength, speed and power they ran towards the other, hell bent on finishing the task at hand. Their swords

met and were locked with each other, glares were exchanged as the swords themselves fought for dominance.

"Why did you give in to him!" Isaac spat, "You're stronger, then that!"

"Why did you give into despair!" retorted Felix, "I looked to you for strength and you showed me weakness."

Both pairs of eyes flared at the comments as their psynergy now appeared, swirling around them, fighting for the upper hand.

They broke the stalemate and fought, yellow thunder bolts striking the ground as their anger took hold.

"I thought you were dead!" yelled Isaac as he prepared a Ragnarok.

"I thought you would understand!" Felix shot back as his own psynergy appeared behind him.

The two massive swords turned the night into day, as psynergy ripped through the sky. The people of Contigo were now out and about, watching the skies being torn asunder by forces they could not understand. The companions of the two were also looking on in wonder, understanding that it was a brother's quarrel and it would be best not to interfere.

Anger and rage consumed them as the swords started moving towards the other. Each one massive and equal in strength. The tips touched and the heavens erupted into yellow psynergy putting the light of Jupiter to shame.

Emotions of unfathomable strength tore at the hearts of the two adepts as the chaotic nature of their struggle began to pierce their pride. The swords flashed and then exploded,

sending beams of psynergy down to strike each other. A sudden sense of peace spread between the two of them.

The yellow beams hit them at exactly the same time, sapping their strength as they both let go of their swords.

They understood.

They now knew what drove their madness.

Like a brother who loves his blood brother, each one willing to die for the other, so did Isaac and Felix. It would never be vocalized between the two, for it was not their way. Their anger and frustration was the result of over a year of separation and un-answered questions. Nearly two years of running from each other. The burdens placed on their shoulders, the pain, the stress they each carried came to the fore front as they both fell to the ground in unison. For two long years they worried, stressed, thought over the other as they continued to lead their individual groups. For two years they bled together, one aiming to stop the other, but in the end uniting to accomplish the same goal.

Consciousness left them as their eyes slowly shut, the image of the Mars Star somehow made its way into their minds. A smile crept on each other's faces, although they didn't know it. The suffering that each had endured was lifted, and now they could rest for once, and prepare themselves for the final task ahead.

Life had them start as companions. Fate made them into foes. Destiny molded them into heroes. The Stars reunited them as Brothers.